

COMPLETE  
THE  
SENTENCE:  
"The  
Family  
That  
Prays  
Together..."

# RESTORATION

OCTOBER  
DEVOTIONS  
AND  
FAMILY  
ROSARY  
HELP  
THE  
"Stays  
Together"

VOL. X.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—OCTOBER, 1957

No. 10.

## WHAT IS THE APOSTOLIC PATTERN IN PORTLAND?

By Mary Kay Rowland

Stella Maris House, 208 N. Weidler, Portland, Oregon—Just as at Madonna House, one question always recurs every time we have a visitor, "What do you do here?" We try and explain first of all about the being, the becoming a saint, the total dedication of our vocation and way of life. The explanation of just what this Secular Institute idea is, takes time, but we are glad. It means that many more people will know about this vocation and also grasp the idea of the laity's responsibility for Catholic Action.

But what do we do? Nothing glamorous or exciting really—the "duty of the moment" as it comes to us. This is usually through the doorbell or phone. Often both ring at the same time which keeps us on our toes! "Do you know of a small apartment which an old lady could take by herself?" She just had her welfare cheque—but needs desperately a place to live. . . . So ensue more phone calls to various people we know with apartments. At long last a vacant one is found which suits the case, and near the Church too! How good Our Lady is! But sometimes we are not so successful when it comes to finding homes for families. Many of our friends here are of another race, Orientals, Colored People, Indians . . . and these brothers in Christ are not welcome in many places. How sad it is, when you think you have found just the right place—right size, good location, reasonable rent. Then comes that awful question "Are they colored. . . Oriental. . . Mexican. . . ?" and Christ is still homeless in this particular family.

### Food?

Other times the question is "Do you have any food? Could you get us some?" and then often it is the sad story of a husband out of work, the long red tape involvements of the agencies for assistance and in the meantime the children and parents are hungry—Happily though, this is the easiest remedied situation. For a quick phone call to the Blanchet House of Hospitality, giving name and address will bring the family a big box of food that very same day. The Blanchet House is terrific that way. They receive a great deal of food—it does take a lot to feed over a thousand meals a day. They also give freely to others in need, and, in turn, they receive more too. The Lord loves the generous giver . . . and they do provide well for the families—milk, vegetables, fruit as well as meat and bread. All filling and healthy.

### Furniture?

Another family has heard that we were begging furniture for our house and wondered if we had an extra table or maybe chairs—sometimes it is a blanket, or a couple of cooking pans. We are only too happy to share our goods with others, especially when it means that for once a whole family can sit down to a meal together, instead of eating in relays for lack of chairs. If we don't have

what they need, then we call the St. Vincent de Paul society which has a conference in almost every parish in the city. They have a very well organized system for it and distributing it. Since we do not have a clothing room here in Portland, all the calls for clothing also go to them.

### Books?

Sometimes people come for a book—the word is spreading that we have a little library. Books are a grand spring board for all kinds of conversation. And so many people just need some one to listen to their troubles for a little while, to share the load with them, and they leave much refreshed and lighter in heart. When the borrower is a child, that is another joy to behold. To think of the formation of their minds with the right kinds of books! It is a beautiful thing! (Of course, having been the librarian at Madonna House, I place a great value on books and their power for recreation and enjoyment as well as information and stimulation of thought.)

Then there are the phone calls from various groups who want to use the classrooms at the school for a meeting. That pleases us too, for that is the reason why we leased the school as well as this big house. For these groups bring us an ever widening circle of friends. Not only do we learn about them and their activities but they learn about us too.

Sometimes, though the doorbell rings and it is someone sent by Our lady who is just lonely and needs someone to talk to and be with for a while. This need on the part of so many is coming more and more to our attention. It seems sad to think of the many souls lonely, friendless, in this big city. But we are happy to share the warmth and love of Stella Maris with them. And as they come back again and again they find others with whom they can be friends, and where they can find understanding. Of course, Our Lady does those things all the time, specially now that we have our Chapel, and Her Son living with us. Soon a little group with common interests is found, and then, maybe, we hope discussion groups will spring up.

### Jobs?

Many times the call is for help in finding a job. For we do have many contacts through the other agencies and friends. The father of a family laid off, as there isn't enough business . . . a young man trying to work his way through school, a young mother whose children's needs force her to work part-time. . . . Sometimes we can help right away, but most of the time it is a matter of repeated calls and searches and conversations. Jobs are scarce especially for those who have no particular trade. Because of this we rejoice doubly, when we are able to help find a job.

### Art, Too?

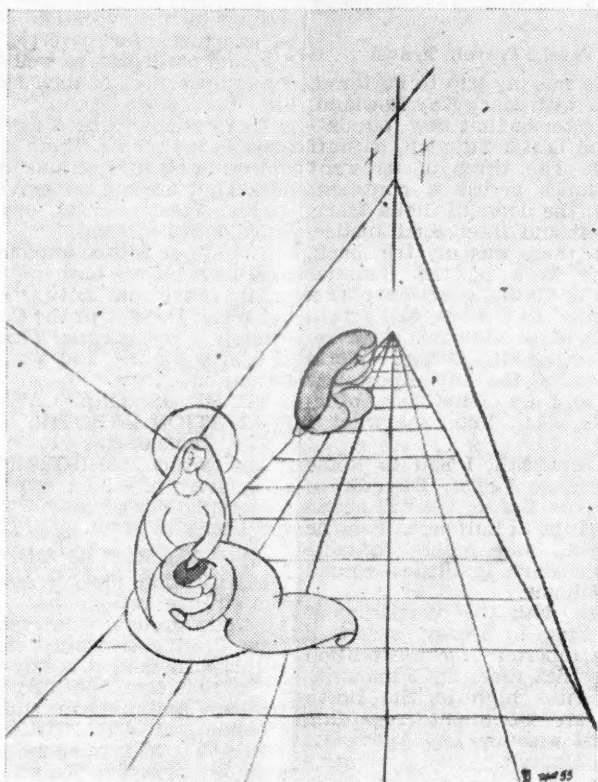
Our Chaplain, Fr. Steinkellner, is interested in art. So sometimes his friends and the art committee come over for a meeting, a discussion, a little workshop. Father hopes to set up a little workshop for mosaics in the basement, amid our laundry equipment, tools, and food. This same committee periodically plans to have art shows for the various local artists. The classrooms serve this purpose well.

Sometimes, the doorbell brings us those who have just heard or read about Stella Maris and are interested in seeing the House and finding out first-hand just what makes us tick. . . .

Our duties of the moment also include all the things which normally go into any house—be it that of a regular family or that of a spiritual family . . . washing

(Continued on Page Four)

OCTOBER  
THE MONTH OF THE ROSARY



THE  
FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY  
THE CRUCIFIXION

## EDDIES OF 1957

By  
Eddie Doherty

Sam Rock was getting well, but not fast enough to suit himself. He grumbled at the doctor. "You and your diets", he said. "Starve a man and expect him to bust right into health! Diets and pills and foolish notions! What am I paying you for? A miserable old age?"

The doctor smiled good-naturedly. He pitied Sam. Sam wasn't an old man, he just looked old. He was a sour cuss, a gloomy gus, a man who really didn't have much to live for.

### Morning Walk

"You need a little exercise, Sam", he said, "as well as diet. But in moderation. Now that the weather is good you might get out early in the morning. Not too early, of course. But early enough. Say about 7.30."

"Bundle up well, for the mornings are still a little brisk. Stand on the sidewalk and breathe the air deep into your lungs. Then I'd suggest a walk. There's a small park three blocks down the street. You might stroll that way, rest half an hour or so, and then stroll back. Better still, you might walk two blocks the other way and rest in that little church on the corner. It's a Catholic church, I believe. And there's probably a High Mass every morning. Good music. Peace. No excitement. Solid comfort. Just sit in one of the back pews until Mass is over."

"This is much better than the park, especially when it rains or snows. The park is good on a sunny day. But the church is good any day. Don't hurry there. Don't hurry back. Look at things along the way. Kids going to school. The cop at the crossing—Watch the way he handles traffic. Watch the way he handles the kids. Look at the trees. Pretty soon they will be in full leaf. Look at the birds. Robins will be hopping around the lawns any day now. Make friends of the dogs. Notice the flowers in the front yards. Notice everything. Come home when you want to; eat a good breakfast. Eventually you'll need neither pills nor diets."

### What's The Bill?

Sam knew that was only common sense. He should have thought of it himself. Now Doc would send him a bill.

Sam bundled up the next morning, breathed in the fresh air, stared at the beautiful eastern sky, and started for the park. He wasn't going to have any of that church business. Not Sam Rock. That was for them that needed it.

He looked at the children. Brats, he thought. He shook a stick at the dogs. He stopped now and then, not so much to look at a growing tree or to smell the scent of brand new grass, as to rest himself. A bird flew close to him, and he cursed it viciously. He got to the park and sat down. There were children nearby, and dogs, and birds, and a dozen other nuisances that got on his nerves and made him most unhappy. Maybe the doctor had something in recommending the church. As he got up to go home a low-flying pigeon wantonly spattered his hat, and a boy on roller skates almost ran him down.

Sam Rock swore he would never go near that park again. He almost gave up the idea of the daily morning walk. But the next day was perfect, and he could not resist it. This time he walked eastward, enjoying the rosy sun in spite of himself.

### He Looks Around

He noticed a robin tugging at a fat worm. He saw a tree getting ready for the summer heat. He saw crocuses blooming on a front lawn. And, near the crossing, he saw a pretty girl in a wheel chair. Sam usually had no time for girls, pretty or ugly, young or old. All females were designing, bent on marrying and ruining some man for their own advancement. But this girl, in spite of the fact that she was crippled, was smiling and laughing. And the crossing cop was laughing with her.

"Sure, Mary Beth", Sam heard him say, "it's the likes of you makes the day happy for the rest of us."

"Thank you Officer Blarney", the girl said.

The cop halted the traffic for her, and she wheeled herself hastily across the thoroughfare.

"I thought your name was McGillicuddy or something", Sam Rock said.

"From now on", the cop said, looking at Sam as though he had eaten something bad, "the name is Blarney." He forgot his anger, looking after the girl. "She's going to church", he said.

"She's crazy", Sam said.

"What good will that do her?"

(Continued on Page Four)

## COMBERMERE DIARY

After the 9.30 a.m. Solemn High Mass on August 15th, the Feast of the Assumption, the following Staff Worker Applicants took their promises of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience and became Staff Workers: Alma Beauchamp, Rejeanne George, Mary Ann Gilmore, William Murphy and Thurston Smith.

A group of the Staff went from here to Le Moyne College in Syracuse, N.Y. in the middle of August to attend a Catholic Action workshop there.

The Men's Department felt a little bit slighted last month, as all the statistics concerned mostly what the women are doing, and they want people to know that they have built two chicken coops at St. Benedict's Acres; laid a concrete floor in the cow barn for the seven registered Ayrshire cows which were obtained from the Augustinian Fathers in King, Ontario; have renovated the pig motel for the seven pigs; built a large root cellar out of cedar logs; completed a number of rabbit hutches for the 28 rabbits; mowed and threshed and ploughed and disced, weeded, and have completely supplied all the needs of the table and the canning department, besides assisting in the building of the new St. Goupil's.

Our good friend and pastor, Father Dwyer, retired due to ill health. It would really take Eddie's pen to do justice to the friendship, interest, counsel, and zeal that Father Dwyer has always shown towards us, but unfortunately Eddie has left on a writing assignment for a few months. Father Haas will be the new pastor in Combermere, whom we heartily welcome as an old friend.

We know that your good prayers will ask God's help and assistance and blessing for Mamie and B who sailed in September to attend the Lay Congress in Rome and to study the Lay Apostolate in several European countries.

Our old New York Central Railroad bell, which summons the group to chapel and to meals, now has a new duty of summoning the eleven Visiting Volunteers and Staff Worker Applicants to daily class, until the first of December.

We hope you enjoy the beauties of the fall—the red of the maples, the yellow of the poplars, and the green of the evergreens as much as we do.

## Mary's Voice

I stand with you,  
on corners of despair.  
I walk with you,  
in alleys of defeat.  
I offer solace,  
when you hunger with desire.  
I weep for you,  
when you search the streets.  
I pray for you,  
that you will call me;  
for  
You are my child  
that does not speak my name  
Which once you spoke,  
but will not speak again.  
I am put away by you,  
with childish things,  
Like toys and fairy tales.  
Yet  
I am Mother to you  
before you were.  
And I conceived you  
in the shadow of Fire,  
And I named you  
in my depthless heart  
Which yearns to hear  
you speak my name;  
Mary,  
Mother of God,  
Mary,  
Mother of men,  
Mary,  
Mother of the lonely.

Tom Manning

## ST. JOSEPH BUILDS IN EDMONTON

Marian Centre, 10528-98 St., Edmonton, Alberta—Two years ago I asked St. Joseph to build a house for Our Lady, knowing full well that if it was for Mary he would erect a steady, strong home built on a good foundation. There would be a sturdiness about it that would reflect his own character. There would be workmanship in it that would be delicate, yet lasting. The strong wide steel beams that would rise into God's Mary-colored sky, would be ones worthy of the dignity of upholding the bricks, wood and mortar that would go into the house dedicated to her and built to house the works of her Son.

The wind, the cold, the rain, could beat against it in all their fury without disturbing one iota of the peace, warmth and security meant for God's beloved poor, for whom this house was to be a shelter.

It was not necessary for me to explain to St. Joseph, that this was no idle dream but rather an absolute necessity. He himself had seen the lonely, aimless wanderings of a lost, weary, heart-broken group of miserable, lonely hungry people. He also had seen the bitterness and frustration, well up in these "Brothers of the God-Man", for want of love, understanding and help from us, their fellow men.

God gives His Cross to all men, but to those He loves most He gives a passion similar to His own. These men are scorned, spit upon and scourged with the lash of peoples' tongues. Where must they stand in the eyes of God? St. Joseph raised the great steel arms of his love last month that they might be sheltered from the raging storm of condemning worldlings. Like the mob on Calvary, we see only the ignominy of the Cross, blindly ignoring its glory. But not so with St. Joseph who plies his earthly trade well, from the glorious heights he has reached in the Mansions of Heaven.

Having had experience with St. Joseph once before when Our Lady needed a house for her Son's work, I knew I need have no hesitation in going ahead and talking over the details of how it should be furnished with Our Lady. Naturally the room which interested her most was the one in which her Son would dwell. So I asked her to take over the chapel. Her Son knew well that she would desire to give Him much glory so He provided an anonymous donation with the stipulation that it was to be used exclusively for the chapel. He gave her a crucifix which must be very dear to Him for inscribed on the back of it, is the name of one who has followed lovingly in His suffering footsteps. A tabernacle, matching the Corpus on the crucifix was donated by a priest who is a good friend of hers. Then, wanting to make things still easier for her, He whispered into the ears of a well beloved group of His, the Salesians of Don Bosco, and lo! they offered to make the altar, pews and sacristy cabinet

(Continued on Page Four)

MARY  
QUEEN OF THE ROSARY  
WATCHFUL AND DILIGENT  
WEAVING the ROBE of PURITY  
SEWING the CLOAK of GRACE  
WREATHING the CROWN of LOVE  
TO ADORN the SOUL  
SO THAT IT WOULD PLEASE  
THE KING OF ALL HEARTS —  
JESUS CHRIST

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COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA



# RESTORATION

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Canada

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Fiat.  
A word of  
Joy.  
Of Fire  
Or of Pain.

Said in  
A moment  
Full of  
Exaltation.  
Lived in a life  
Of darkness,  
Doubts,  
And pain.

How slender  
Are each  
Of its letters!  
Yet each  
Makes up  
The transverse  
Beam—  
And the straight!

How small  
The space  
It takes  
On paper.  
How immense  
The time  
It takes  
To live!

Pronounced  
So eagerly  
And swiftly—  
A song  
On the  
Lips  
Of youth.

It slowly changes  
Into a  
Dirge, A song—  
Of death and tears.  
Until at last  
It dwindles into silence,  
The silence of  
Surrender—  
And of birth!

Birth  
To its  
Enchanting  
Beauty—  
To its  
Glory  
And  
Its Joy!

Oh word  
Of fire,  
Your mystery  
Is infinite!  
You begin  
So softly,  
So gently.

And then  
You are heavier  
Than the wood.  
Suddenly  
You change into  
An Alleluia.

And lo—  
You are  
The bridge  
That leads my soul  
To heaven  
On your  
Immensity  
And depth!

## LOOKS AT BOOKS

VIRGIL MICHAEL and the Liturgical Movement, by Paul B. Marx O.S.B. Pub. by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.

There have been men on our earth who bring light to it, a luminous, gentle, soft light that has tremendous powers of impenetration into men's hearts and minds.

Such a man was Dom Virgil Michael, Benedictine priest and monk, of St. John's Benedictine Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. This book is his biography. It is more, it is an appraisal of the light he brought into the world.

It is never easy to analyze and dissect LIGHT, especially the kind of light Virgil Michael was, and gave. For many the glimmer of his light was the beginning of a glorious adventure with God, or a newly found freedom from the prison of self. For some it brought joy inexpressible, for a few the courage to take giant strides into the realm of God . . . of the spirit.

But then there is yet another Virgil Michael — the priest, the monk—who must be called one of the Fathers of the Liturgical Movement in this Continent. He it was who, persistently, in season and out of season, opened the treasury of the Church's liturgical Worship and showed how it quickened the spirit. How it put order into faith and brought men to God directly through the Mass, the centre of our Faith.

Well Done, Fr. Marx!

Order, simplicity, beauty, and an unlimited vision of peace . . . all these were contained in his spearheading of the liturgical movement. He contributed much to the sum total of the immense and learned efforts, the world over, to restore liturgy to its right rightful place among Catholics.

Virgil Michael was a hard man to write about. Fr. Paul Marx did a splendid job of it.

The book is scholarly and sober. Yet it reads as easily as a novel. Well written, it carries the read-

er's interest to the very last page.

And it brings to a new generation the life of a great Priest and a great American, to whom they owe in part what today they take for granted.

It is a story of a movement, and of a man who some day may become known to the whole world as a tremendous lover of God, which is what saints are.

This book is a must for all Catholics who love their Faith . . . and for others who want to know the heart of it.

It is truly a book of adventure. Adventure with God!

THE GOLDEN DOOR, the life of Katharine Drexel, by Katherine Burton. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, \$3.75 in the U.S.A.; 311 pages plus index. A very good story of the rich young girl who gave herself and her money to God in the Indian and the Negro. She founded the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People; and spent many millions of dollars in their behalf. She established sixty elementary and high schools and the first Catholic university for Negroes—Xavier U in New Orleans. She died at the age of 96, and we hope Katharine Burton may live as long, or longer, and write books just as good as the Golden Door, or better.

## for Christmas

Card Assortments:  
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Box X, small—25 for \$2.00

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## Outer Circle Letter Number 143

It has been a long time since I wrote you, dear parents . . . friends . . . So many things intervened since last April. I am sorry But truly I did not have much time to write.

There was Arizona, and our new foundation there. The Casa de Neustra Senora . . . the house of our Lady . . . that was being readied for occupation. I did not have much to do with that part of it . . . but very much with the Staff Workers who were going there.

### Travel, Travel, Travel

There was my trip to Portland, Oregon, with Mary Kay Rowland, the director of that new foundation, and Diana Zdunich, a Staff Worker. The three of us went 4,500 miles across a continent to open the doors of Stella Maris to Social and Interracial Justice.

Then there was my trip back, and the work of the Summer School of Catholic Action plus a "side trip" to Ottawa, Ont., for a meeting of the National delegation appointed for the Second World Congress of the Lay Apostolate in Rome. I am one of those official delegates. You see what I mean?

On Sept. 6th, I sail to Rome with Mamie Legris, Director of our Yukon House. We will spend two months in Europe, attend the Congress, and make contacts with Secular Institutes abroad and at home.

I aim, with the permission of our Editor, to become a sort of roving reporter for Restoration during that time; for I know interest runs high in the North American Continent regarding the fast growing Lay Apostolate of the Church.

### Uneasy Parents

I had many interesting experiences, during this past year, having completed nearly 30,000 miles, lecturing, and visiting our foundations. Among the audiences I addressed were many CFM groups "Catholic parents who have come together in cell-like groups to clarify their faith, their vocations, the role of parents and children, their responsibilities." A group of Catholic Actionists. Vital and courageous!

Yet, I felt a little uneasy. Perhaps because they were uneasy. There was a deep searching of consciences going on. Much had been clarified. Tremendous achievements could be chalked up to their general credit, yet voices were raised that spoke of dealing only with the periphery. Some parents wanted to take stock and go deeper. Others expressed a strange disquiet because meetings and organization work took them AWAY FROM THEIR FAMILIES. While they were discussing the family in general, they were neglecting their own . . .

It came to me that perhaps these were the first signs of a malady common to all newer apostolates, and dangerous to them as well as to the better established groups. The YCW were asking much the same questions. So were others.

It all stemmed from two central points . . . SPIRITUAL FORMATION, AND ADEQUATE TRAINING FOR A GIVEN APOSTOLATE.

### Profound Formation

There is grave danger in launching lay apostolates, whatever their goal or aim without FIRST GIVING THE LEADERS, AND THEN THE RANK AND FILE, A DEEP AND PROFOUND AND SPIRITUAL FORMATION. This must be done by priests well trained in all the aspects of the lay apostolate—especially by the appointed chaplains.

Unless this SPIRITUAL FORMATION is truly the foundation of any lay apostolate, it will fail. Oh, it may grow like a wild weed. There may be endless congresses, conventions, meetings. Numbers may, for a while, increase extraordinarily. But it will all add up to something shallow, noisy inside, un-permanent . . . froth on the beer, curdled cream in the coffee. Especially is this applicable to any Catholic Action or Lay Apostolic group dealing with the family. For the family IS THE VITAL UNIT OF ALL SOCIETY. It sets the tone to any given nation, being its primary root.

Marriage is a vocation. A trite remark, but one that needs repetition. In the popular lay concept, the vocations of the monks, nuns, priests and brothers rank far ahead of the married vocation — IN HARDNESS. Marriage is conceived as something much

easier than, say, a Trappist vocation.

### One, No More

Perhaps the idea stems from priority, theologically speaking, of vocations. The others are higher, better. Yet every vocation is A VOCATION TO LOVE. ALL FOLLOW THE SAME ROYAL ROAD TO CHRIST, WITH DIFFERENT BAGGAGE CARRIERS TO BE SURE, BUT THERE ARE NOT FIVE SPIRITUALITIES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH . . . NOR TWO . . . THE LAY AND THE RELIGIOUS . . . THERE IS ONLY ONE INDIVISIBLE SPIRITUALITY. The ten commandments are for all. So are the Beatitudes and the Counsels of perfection. The depth and height of application may differ. There is nothing in the Gospel which says that married folks, according to their vocation, cannot be canonized for poverty, chastity, and obedience, as well as the charity practices of their state in life.

There seems to be a confusion there in lay minds. There is more confusion about spiritual formations. They are the same. A life of prayer. Vocal, mental, contemplative, and liturgical. That these will be implemented in different ways, have a different pitch—inner and outward—does not mean there is in the Catholic Church a lay spiritual formation of prayer life . . . and a religious formation . . .

THERE IS ONE CATHOLIC FORMATION IN BOTH! The proofs of this can be found in the lives of MARRIED SAINTS . . . many of whom were great contemplatives while true to their vocation and state in life.

### The Root Of All

Clarification must come into this strange twilight part of Lay Apostolic groups, whatever their aims. Clarification must come inevitably. In fact, it seems to me, all earnest Lay Apostolic groups are truly searching for such clarification of TRAINING AND FORMATION. Human hearts are hungry for roots of ideas and concepts. They want to know where, in truth, to start. And, inevitably, when man arises honestly, in search of God . . . God leads him to the root of all things, HIS DIVINE SON AND OUR LORD CHRIST.

Then man begins to see the TRUE FOUNDATION OF ANY ACTION DONE FOR THE LORD . . . Then he catches a glimpse of BEING FOR THE LORD . . . before doing for Him. Then he begins that inward journey every man MUST BEGIN, to meet the God who dwells within his soul.

Husbands and wives, gathered together with others like them, will have to undertake that journey, each pair alone and together first, then sharing their findings with other pairs. They will find, as they journey inward, that action begins by clearing all things that impede the growth of roots. Much has to be weeded, destroyed, reshaped. The vocation to love, which is each vocation, demands death to self, the utter forgetting of the pronoun "I". It demands a selflessness that blends with that of God's. This leads to a regular prayer life. And it will lead to further depths—the realization that all vocations are hard, are hard, as was the Cross of Christ . . . made of green unplanned wood.

Next will come their painful entry into Christ's passion, then the crucifixion and the lifting up . . . and then joy . . . peace . . . and the beginning of true ACTION . . . This is not action for action's sake . . . IT IS THE FRUIT OF A LOVE THAT HAS DIED TO SELF . . . OF A SOUL FREE FROM EARTHLY ATTACHMENTS AND HENCE ABLE TO LOVE AS GOD LOVES . . . AND READY TO BEGIN TO SERVE . . . AS LOVE MUST SERVE . . . WITHOUT COUNTING THE COST.

Unless all Lay Apostolates clarify these fundamental principles of a lasting foundation that will result in a great fecundity . . . they will become confused . . . inwardly upset . . . will die without knowing that they did so.

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## A Friend

Thou — Thou art All —  
The only Love that liveth,  
The Friend of Friends  
That ne'er stood falsified.  
When all were gone,  
I felt Thee close beside me,  
And heard Thy Voice  
When no one else replied.

... Lullie

## HOLINESS IS WHOLENESS

(From the Book)

"The soul includes both the conscious and the unconscious. Psychotherapy has altered the whole conception of the soul. The conscious with the ego as its center, is only a part of the soul. The conscious superstructure is opposed by a substructure, by what Phillip Lersch has called the "endothymic basis". The truth of the soul is stretched out between the rational and the irrational, between Logos and Bios, between intellect and instinct.

"It follows that man discovers his truth and finds himself only when he has established the right balance between the conscious and the unconscious. It is untrue to say that it devolves solely on the solution of this problem. Often enough we are not aware of our own law of development.

"Does the intellect know what is growing up under its rule? Often the vital curve of the conscious life is in danger of departing from the natural life, from the "fertile soil of the soul" and hides its growth. A gulf arises between the conscious and the unconscious. The ego hangs in the air, paralyzed with fear.



OCT. 2  
FEAST — GUARDIAN ANGELS

"It has been going its own ways — reasonable ways, it may be, and devout—but it has thereby come into conflict with the truths of the blood, which are written in the unconscious. The natural laws of the psyche are infringed. The basic facts of life and the soul are disregarded and our lives become unnatural.

"The lower strata of the soul are comparable to a natural organism, growing like a plant in accordance with its own laws. The spirit, striving for perfection, all too easily and swiftly cramps this growth instead of respecting the wonderful nature of the soul. The mind needs to be humble, to admit that it must lay down the scepter of government from time to time; it cannot and must not determine itself, but hearken to the secret growth in the depths of the soul.

"In most neuroses, the natural soul is buried. Our Christian education, our asceticism and striving for perfection tend all too much to repress and eliminate the natural soul. There is still no affirmation of our total nature, the deeper levels of the soul are still excluded from Christian penetration.

"The defection from the Church in the West is not merely a rejection of Christian faith; it is partly due to a feeling that the Church does not accept the whole of human nature, that inside the Church the deeper levels of the personality cannot breathe and live.

"The psychotherapist works where spiritual suffering is greatest in the modern world; he comes to see all too plainly that ministers of religion often do not understand the souls committed to their care and that the "natural kingdom of the soul" has not yet found a home in the life of the Church. But the hopeful fact is nevertheless impressed on him that although the liberation of the natural soul binds man nearer to the world and the earth, the new outlook which this inspires is followed by a fuller and loftier, a deeper and more vital religious life.

"One often hears it said that it is only after this change has taken place that a feeling arises for the preciousness of the God-man; that the symbolism of the liturgy acquires a more vivid significance; that the life of prayer becomes vital, an authentic dialogue with the Divine Thou."

Rev. Josef Goldbrunner.

## FOR THE "TWO CLASSES OF SOULS"

Information Centre, 10012-102 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta — Isn't it a thrilling experience to behold someone who has recently been received into the Church? They fairly glow with happiness as they relate the various events which led to their conversion. Words fail them to convey the awesomeness which attended their reception of the sacrament of Baptism, the peace and joy which followed their first Confession and Holy Communion. And with what gratitude they acknowledge God's goodness in granting them the gift of Faith!

These sentiments are of course by no means exclusive to converts. But they are apt to bring home to "born Catholics" the magnitude of a gift which we received through no merit of our own and which we sometimes take for granted and maybe even feel superior about.

Bishop Sheen once said that there are only two classes of souls in the world: those who have found the Faith and those who are looking for it. At Edmonton's Catholic Information Centre it is our privilege to have the opportunity of serving both of these.

### First Class

For those who belong to the first class, the Centre offers a number of facilities to help them to grow closer to God. There is first of all the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in our chapel each weekday at noon for the benefit of those who are working in this part of the business area. At this Mass, which is well attended, many are able to receive Holy Communion thanks to the Holy Father's recent regulations regarding the Eucharistic Fast. What an advantage for those who can slip in to Mass on their lunch hour, many of whom could not otherwise participate in the Holy Sacrifice!

Another help for those who want to grow in knowledge and love of their Faith is Catholic reading material. Here at the Centre we try to have literature on every aspect of our religion, much of it in handy pamphlet form. Sometimes a person will want to read up on a particular subject, such as the Catholic attitude towards mixed marriages or birth control. The mother of a family might be looking for some pointers on bringing religion into the home and developing a Christian family spirit — there is much helpful material being published on this subject nowadays. Then there is the businessman who wishes to deepen his knowledge of the Church's social teachings by studying papal encyclicals and other writings on these questions—these will help him in his relationships towards his employees and associates. A young couple contemplating marriage will be looking for reading material to help them understand better the important vocation they are about to embrace. Teenagers will be specially interested in titles on dating, on vocations, on purity. And most everyone goes for those pamphlets whose direct aim is to help us to grow in love of God, such as "Program for a Practical Catholic Life", "Examination of Conscience for Adults", "The Art of Prayer", "Should Moderns Meditate?", "How to Improve Your Disposition", "Why the Mass?", "How to Make a Good Confession", etc., etc.

### Second Class

To the second class of people mentioned by Bishop Sheen — those who are looking for the Faith—our Centre also tries to extend a helping hand. Situated as we are in the heart of the city, we are at the disposal of anyone who wishes to drop in for information on the Church or any aspect of it. Occasionally a non-Catholic will simply want to clarify a point, such as papal infallibility, or devotion to Mary. There are pamphlets written specially for non-Catholics on these subjects explaining them clearly and simply, with the sole intention of informing the inquirer.

Once in a while a person wishes to find out more about the Church, because somehow they are drawn to it. They want to know how to go about it. We try to help them with appropriate literature on "How to get acquainted with the Catholic Church" and to encourage them to look into the subject more thoroughly. From here we can make the necessary contacts for them to take instructions if they so desire. Is it so beautiful to see even the first small stirrings of faith taking root in a soul! Prayer and love and service can help it grow — God's grace will bring it to fruition.

MARY T. LANGLOIS





## A Love Letter To Almighty God

By  
Eddie Doherty

Dear God, Lover of angels and of saints; Usually it is an angel or a Saint who comes to You, or to Your mother, Mary, asking favors for some poor sinner. Today the sinner comes to you, asking favors for a number of angelic souls. Usually the prayers of saints long dead are powerful with our Lady and with You, more powerful than the prayers of people still alive and clicking. Lord, let the prayers of sinners be powerful too; for how often do sinners pray for saints?

Let me, now, God, pray to you for Blessed Martin de Porres in particular, and for the Blessed Martyrs of Uganda in general, and for all other non-white candidates for beatification or for canonization. This includes our beloved Indian maiden, Tekakwitha, and the Japanese girl, Maria Clara Sumiko Oe, and that lovely Chinese virgin Ta Juen Wang, and all the others whose names I do not know or cannot correctly spell.

### All Are One

Let them be canonized soon, Lord God Almighty, that they may bring the so-called colored races to You.

You have already read the following paragraphs written by one of Your Dominicans in New York, Father Norbert Georges of the Blessed Martin Guild. And Our Lady has read them too. But there are many on earth, who will read this letter who have never heard of Father Georges, nor of the Dominicans, nor of Bl. Martin, nor of Yourself and those close to You. Let me reprint Father Georges' message for them.

"Catholic newspapers are beginning to take note of the dangers to the Church in the non-white world from Communists, Moslems, extreme nationalists, Buddhists, Hindus, and others. Quite frequently reports of anti-Catholic activity come to the Guild directly from priests in far off missions. For instance Father Andrew Tum of the French Cameroons credits Bl. Martin with his personal safety and that of his newly founded mission, which was dedicated to Bl. Martin.

"Since Dec. 18th," he writes, "The Communists have caused very great damage in this section of Africa. . . A band of 500 surrounded the mission. There were no troops within 20 miles. Not yet ready to die, I kept praying to Blessed Martin. . . The Communists left without harming a person or destroying a house. Many Catholic missions were destroyed and the people massacred."

### White and Snooty?

That isn't the point I meant to bring out. The Church is being persecuted. But then it has always been persecuted; and prob-

ably always will be. The terrible danger, God, is that Communists and others are insidiously painting Your Church as a smug, snooty, and exclusive organization—for "lily whites" only. And for the Western World only. They are trying to make people in Africa, India, Asia, the South Sea Islands, and other parts of the world believe Your Church is a distinctly foreign element that scorns them or ignores them—or notices them only to exploit them.

And many white people — so called—are doing all they can to make this wicked lie appear as but the simple truth. The bigoted Catholics of Louisiana who protested to Rome against the archbishop's policy of no segregation might as well align themselves with the Communists who hate You and everything that is Yours. Forgive them, God; but also straighten their twisted minds.

The Southern Catholics are not the only ones to blame, as You know, alas, quite well. I recall there was a statue of Blessed Martin in one of the big churches in New York. I rejoiced, because it was near the altar, where everybody in the congregation could see it. But it did not stay there long. Some people protested. Poor Martin was sent to the obscurity of the basement. Now that hurt the Negro people of New York—especially the Negro Catholics!

### Hate Others, Hate Self

God, how frightfully it must have hurt You! And how more than frightfully it must have hurt those responsible for this insult to one of Your favorite sons! Those who hate others hate themselves. I have seen Blessed Martin's statue in very few Catholic churches in the United States or Canada. I have never seen any statue of St. Benedict, the Moor. (But then I haven't been in every church.) I have never seen, in any church I have visited in the last twenty years a single image to let me know there was anybody in heaven except the "lily whites."

I don't know how Negroes in Chicago and New York and Washington, D.C. feel when they look around our Catholic churches and see only white saints. Even the angels are white, God, in our statues and our pictures. The Negroes I know and love are too polite to tell me what they think. But I remember some in Harlem who hinted, gently, that they felt excluded from the Church. Talk to them about religion and they would listen. Then they would ask, softly, "when, do you think, will Catholic Negroes be permitted to go to Catholic schools with other children; when will Negro boys and girls be permitted to join religious orders, to be Jesuits, for instance, or Madames of the Sacred Heart?"

What we have done to them! Forgive us, God, and teach us how to atone for our great sins!

### Native Hierachy

Pope Pius XII, so loved by You and all Your saints and angels, has done much to refute the insidious calumny that the Church plays favorites, is a "white man's club." He has made many bishops and archbishops and cardinals among the non-white peoples of the world. He has insisted that the universal church should never countenance any kind of segregation. He has insisted on the training of native priests and religious in all the countries of the world.

It needs more than that, it seems to me, God, to show the truth to people who believe that only white people go to heaven; that people of other colors turn white when they enter heaven; or that white Catholics feel it is beneath them to honor holy men and women whose skin, God, You made Yellow, or brown, or red, or black, for Your Own satisfaction and delight.

God, I have seen Negro men and women look on a picture of Blessed Martin with amazement, and with apparent disbelief. And so have You. And I have seen that look give way, finally, to the appearance of great joy. For the first time they have evidence that someone like themselves is really in heaven, sitting at Your right hand, pleading for them — and that they can go to heaven too. For Alleluia, it is not a segregated heaven after all!

### Try To Tie Them

You know, best of all, the story of Blessed Martin. White people—including his father—might have made him a dangerous criminal with their contempt, their neglect, their cruelty, their abuse. He became a tremendous miracle worker in spite of them. He became a challenge to all white boys. Let any of them be half as saintly, if they can!

And You know, also best of all, about the Blessed Uganda Martyrs—who refused to commit sins of impurity — which so many people all over the world today perform as though they were acts of virtue. They had time to consider how it would feel — if they continued to disobey—to be wrapped up in reeds, to have a fire started at their feet, and to be slowly burned until they died.

Lord, God, who had to pass the greater test, these young men or Your lovely young Maria Goretti? All these "kids" preferred to die, to be stabbed to death or burned to death, rather than to offend You. Yet modern youths yield easily to temptation in fear of being called "chicken" or "puritan" or "sissy!" Who are the sissies anyway? And what will You do with them, God, when they appear for judgment?

White people have done much to smear the Catholic Church; much more than the Communists, in this instance. They have let their ignorance, stupidity, bias, and hatefulness make suckers of them. Suckers? I wonder what name You give them, Lord.

### Not For Wonders

But I've strayed from the favor I wanted to ask. I don't ask for new miracles to be worked by these "colored" servants of Yours, God. The world "doesn't go" for miracles. Your Son worked many; and there are still some—even ostensible Christian leaders—who think He was merely a good man, a "typical Rotarian," and excellent teacher, or a wonderful psychologist. They feel He fibbed about being God — even though He raised Himself from the dead, as He had said He would.

My prayer, Lord, is that You inspire Your beloved Man in White to canonize Blessed Martin de Porres and the Uganda Martyrs, and all those other non-white children of Yours who should be honored by the entire world. Let all people know that the Catholic Church is really Catholic; that the Universal Church is really universal. What good is it, God, to give a Church a trademark if it cannot readily be seen?

God of all peoples, of all races, of all tribes, of all types and castes and conditions of humanity, give us Negro and Indian and Oriental saints. Give us Chinese and Japanese and Malayan and Polynesian and Filipino and American Indian saints.

### Don't Forget Us

And, while I think of it, give us Yankee and Canadian saints as well!

Then Your Church will win the non-white world the Communists and Moslems and Buddhists and Hindus are already claiming.

Fr. Georges has announced there will be another international novena in honor of Blessed Martin, this year. Blessed Martin's feast day is Nov. 5th; so the nine days of prayer will begin on October 28th. "Those who take part in this novena," Father Georges says, "will share in 9 sets of 9 novena Masses offered up at this time." He asks all Catholics to take advantage of this novena, to pray for their intentions, and the canonization of the blessed Negro.

Thank You, God, for listening to my prayer; and if I should, some fine day, wind up as anything like a saint it will be largely because of Blessed Martin.

The Little Flower had a lot to do with my return to You; but it was Martin who led me to You—through the beautiful perfumed gateway of Your mother, Our Lady, Mary. Thank You for him, God. Thank him for me, please. And thank the Little Flower and Our Lady too. I'll be seeing You. Yours forever, Eddie.

## Talents and Their Uses

By Jose DeVinc  
(For Francoise)

There is no such thing as an untalented man: every man is unique in his own person, and within the realm of this person there is a completely individual pattern of actualities and possibilities: of talents that come to bloom and others yet to be discovered. What these talents are and what their use should be; such is the subject of this little study.

A talent is that which we are called to develop in us because of a natural inclination or ability in a particular field. A first distinction appears here between what we are really called to do and what we would like to do. Many people imagine they are talented for that which pleases them and that they have no ability whatsoever for anything else. That is why in the investigation of our talents we should follow the way of truth rather than what we should like to be.

A second distinction, and the tinguishes talents in relation to our future end so as to classify them in order of importance and to determine their field of activity. A man for instance may have an exceptional memory: this is a natural talent. If its use is limited to the memorization of the telephone directory or of batting averages it is perfectly wasted even though exercised to its utmost capacity. Another man may be a particularly fast runner: such a talent is purely natural and has hardly any possible outlet in relation to the dignity of man. Another may have a deep and brilliant mind. This again is natural, and may be used in many different ways. Thus it appears from these few examples that some talents have hardly any possible use in relation to our final end, but that others may be very directly connected with it. A brilliant intelligence or memory may be fruitfully applied to the investigation of the things of God, or wastefully scattered on the things of the world.

So far we know that our talents are to be real, not imaginary, and that we are to direct them toward the fulfillment of our final end.

It follows that any talent not directly useful to this final end does not have to be developed in the same sense as the others: there is no justification for a man who consecrates his whole life to the perfecting of his talent of running, and this applies to any athletic activity, many of which are so evidently and inhumanly emphasized in our modern times.

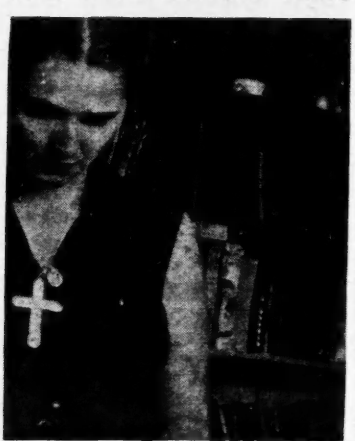
But let us now go deeper into our subject: it is not enough to know our talents and to understand their proper use: we have also to combine this use with the realities of life. In many cases we are forced by reason of our position in a business, a family, a religious group, etc. . . to forego the development of a very real and spiritually useful talent, and to replace it by some necessary activity in an entirely unrelated field. Should we revolt against our state and declare the supreme authority of our talent? Should we declare, like many artists, that we are born for our art alone, that this art is our master and our guide, and that we have to sacrifice our whole life, and often the life of others for its fulfillment? Of course not. This is the error of exaggerated personalities who conceive the world in function of their own dream instead of conforming themselves to the realities of their lives. It is also the attitude of those to whom self-expression is more important than salvation: the Ego comes before God.

And so we come to the necessary sacrifice of some real talents, neglected for a higher purpose. Shall God demand that we render an account for not having become perfect athletes for the reason that we preferred to consecrate our lives to higher things? Of course He shall, as He demands an account of all things. But His judgment shall be one of approval and of love: for the good and faithful servant prefers the good of his Master to his own glory.

If we happen to be really talented in an intellectual field, such as writing or speaking or teaching, and we happen, through a vocation of love, to be scrubbing floors and peeling potatoes, to be chopping wood or tending livestock, we should not bemoan our lost opportunities of development, but realize that we have made the wisest choice: we have preferred our highest talent: the talent to love God and to meet Him face to face, to our secondary talent of shining among men.

As soon as this is clearly understood, there can be no bitterness and no regret. All falls back in place in the providential peace of the will of God. And strangely enough in many cases as soon as we are reconciled to the idea of giving everything to God, even this, His precious gifts, there comes a sudden chance, a sudden opening, a change in our way of life which gives us an unexpected opportunity to enjoy and develop and make fruitful the very talents we had given up: and it is a joy to behold how much they have deepened, and matured, and taken upon themselves a deeper spiritual significance for having remained three days in the tomb of self-denial before the splendor of an unexpected resurrection.

## OUR OWN WHO'S WHO



Miss Gertrude Cortens, usually called Trudi, now assistant director of Madonna House came to Combermere in January, 1954, and made her first promises on April 7, in that year.

Miss Cortens has been chief librarian during her stay at Madonna House, has been in charge of arrangements for the Cana Colony, where many families are housed and made happy during the summer months, and was recently appointed purchasing agent for Madonna House and its local "branches."

She is a product of Holy Cross School, Norwood, Manitoba, St. Edward's, Winnipeg, Man., and St. Mary's and D. L. MacIntyre Academies in Winnipeg. She is accomplished in all types of office and secretarial work. She is the daughter of A. P. Cortens of Winnipeg.

## Ecce Homo

I let you in today  
You were disguised . . .  
And then perhaps,  
You weren't at all . . .  
They fettered You with  
Chains of selfishness . . .  
They wrapped You up  
With a cloak of their shallowness  
They crowned You again,  
With the crown of their thoughtlessness . . .  
And then they brought You in . . .

And I beheld You thus . . .  
And then You vanished  
From my sight . . .  
And all I could see . . .  
Was cloak  
And chain,  
And crown—  
Not as they were,  
But as they showed me each . . .  
And then quite suddenly,  
I understood —  
You were in pain . . .  
Thy only thing that I could do —  
Was then to love —  
The selfish,  
The thoughtless,  
And the cold.  
My feet had wings,  
And I began to serve,  
For love . . .  
Love serves . . .  
Without counting cost . . .  
The selfish,  
And the thoughtless,  
And the cold . . .  
Because they bear  
Within their soul,  
Yourself . . .  
Yourself—My Lord —  
All chained and crucified . . .  
And crowned with thorns again.  
"B"  
August 20, 1957

## Prayer

By Carmel Bride

This is to pray —  
To be uplifted in the movement of  
her life  
Who is our life for Christ is hers.  
To silence sense and let the tides  
Of her strong faith, indomitable  
hope  
And charity, her mother-love,  
watch over us,  
Submerge and so encompass us  
Until the darkened soul can  
learn from her  
How good is God  
And Mother is the mercy of His  
Love.

This is to pray —  
To be washed clean again and yet  
again  
In her who is immaculate—our  
purity —  
To claim by hope what will not  
be denied:  
The white tides of her sinlessness,  
The burning lavo of the Spirit's  
fire  
To overflow in her to us to  
consume  
Within the members of her Christ  
All that is unlike Christ.

This is to pray —  
To be embraced in the incomparable  
heart of her  
Who is God's own maternal love  
Incarnate in a virgin. To embrace  
With all set God-ward in her  
selflessness.

To claim her love, who have no  
claim at all  
Save only this:  
Our frailty of will, bereft of  
strength,  
Nor freedom left  
Except to will her will.  
And know we neither live nor  
love  
Except her grace, Christ given,  
flows in us.

O lowliness of spirit and untrammelled heart!  
O poverty of soul which has and  
wants no high estate,  
Nor rests content with lesser  
union with its God

Then what by right, all merciful,  
is ours  
Who dwell an embryonic Christ  
the Mystical  
In Mary's womb.  
Breathe, soul, the very breath  
she breathes  
And sigh unto the hidden God  
her prayer.  
By faith, already share her sight,  
by hope possess,  
And in her fiery love  
Melt down into the oneness of  
her Christ.

This night of life on earth she  
carries thee;  
Thy journey is brief,  
And morning lays its lights  
across thy way.  
The impulse of her heartbeats  
comforts thee —  
She prays thy prayer.



## THE B'S CORNER

The sea is calm. The sun tries to make love to it. The sea just smiles and lets it in into the front parlor, the surface of its deep. From the deck where I look at this cosmic love making, I can see how shallow is the impression the sun makes on the restless ocean.

A few feet, perhaps, and then the dark mysterious depths, aloof and hidden from the bold, penetrating, burning eyes of the sun.

Slowly my thoughts wander to the lay apostolate of Madonna House, and its incredible growth in the last few years, and the ever increasing number of lay people, priests, and bishops who have come, from far and near, into our northern wilderness, to seek knowledge—some of God, others of our work and our way of life.

### Children of M.H.

Gently, imperceptibly, my thoughts flow on to the new foundations that have sprung from Madonna House. Like a mother giving birth to children, M.H. has given new foundations to the Church.

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada. . . As I remember this, two seas seem to blend before my eyes. The sparkling sunny mysterious sea on which my ship rides, and the immense silent sea of snow and ice that holds the Yukon in its embrace.

Does the sun of our apostolate . . . our dedication, our works, and our love . . . impenetrate, even a little, that land of ice and cold, where souls too . . . oh so often . . . are held by the cold of hate, or indifference to God, The Sun of Love? Should I ask myself that question? Perhaps not. For it is enough for me, for us, to know that we are there—loving God and our neighbour . . . leaving the melting of souls to Him . . . the Harvester to our sowing . . . Edmonton, Alberta—The Marian Centre and the Catholic Information Centre of Our Lady of the Universe. . . two of our foundations in the prairie city. There we are, feeding human beings and human minds with the Lord's food.

We are also loving and serving minds and bodies. Joyously, gaily, constantly. We are rehabilitating many, not so much by doing things for them. . . but by BEING MADLY IN LOVE WITH GOD AND HENCE WITH ALL OUR NEIGHBOURS . . . and spilling this love into a whole city in service that asks only to serve more.

### Time Tables

Stella Maris House, Portland, Oregon, is now at the service of Interracial Justice. We work with Indians, Gypsies, and Negroes. We are likewise at the service of Social Justice, and management and labor. How deep is the effect of God's love on the human sea of Portland? Only eternity will answer.

Casa de Nuestra Senora. . . Winslow, Arizona. . . The House of Our Lady . . . There we work with a mission country and with Spanish Americans. . . How deeply will the sea of souls be warmed there with the Sun of Love? Quien Sabe? Should I know?

I watch the sun reaching the horizon . . . and suddenly, from an unexpected angle, I see it has entered the depths! The ocean welcomes it. A change of time. . . a change of view!

Time! Time is needed for our apostolate to impenetrate the cold sea of men's souls. Time and an unshakable faith that it CAN BE DONE . . . IT WILL BE DONE

All that we have to do IS TO BELIEVE, AND PERSEVERE IN LOVE AND SERVICE . . . WHAT ARE TEN . . . TWENTY YEARS . . . OR A THOUSAND TO GOD? . . . We are but His grains of wheat. We must first lie buried in the earth of His shaping . . . then come forth at His bidding. Though we are as small as a blade of grass we can grow in His love.

Someday we will send His love deep into the cold sea of souls around about us. . . How deep shall we go? How long will it take? We need not ask ourselves these questions. Ours is but to LOVE AND SERVE. . . So long as we live—to love and serve in poverty, chastity, and obedience. The rest is all HIS.

### Sun and Sea

Strange are the ways of the sun with the sea . . . Strange and beautiful the ways of God with men.

It is good to belong to Madonna House Secular Institute. It is good, by the grace of God and with the help of Mary, to be a consecrated dedicated Lay Apostle, on my way to Rome—the Eternal city. On my way to a second world Congress of the Lay Apostolate, where other lay people dedicated, even as I am,

will discuss ways and means of sending God's warmth and light, of which we should be the powerful reflectors—into the depths of human souls.

I think of the past . . . The present merges with it, and reflects the future. I know now that all the pain, sorrow, contradictions, doubts, and darkness of the past twenty-eight years of foundation and growth have not been wasted!

As I see the sun go slowly down . . . touch the horizon, and cover the whole visible sea with a golden mantle . . . my heart sings an alleluia. . .

Soon . . . I do not know when . . . my life will too touch the horizon of life! I hope that death will cover me with the mantle of God's love.

The Lay Apostolate is here to stay. It has been good to be one of its pioneers.

### EDDIES OF 1957

(Continued from Page One)

The cop didn't answer. He just looked nasty again. Sam Rock went on. He never did like cops. He never could learn to like this McGillicuddy Blarney.

### A QUIET CORNER

It wasn't so bad in church. It was quiet there, in spite of the singing. Chant, rather. Gregorian chant. He remembered it. He remembered a lot of things, sitting there in the darkness in the rear of the old brick structure.

He noticed the girl in the wheel chair. She was down in front, in a shaft of sunshine. She would sit there, Sam thought. She knew the sunshine put a sort of halo around her. Just like a woman. Even one like that had to have some sort of attention.

He came back home after Mass in a most leisurely fashion. He had a big breakfast. But he couldn't sleep. His forenoon nap was spoiled by what he remembered. He had sung that Gregorian chant himself, many years ago. It was still beautiful, somehow. He wished they'd play it on the radio or the TV, instead of some of that pop. It was soothing to a man, even a man with no religious nonsense in him.

Some of the Latin words came back to him on his couch. And he could tell you what they meant.

### Good Morning Glory

He began to look forward to the morning walk. He watched the progress of a morning glory vine in the second yard from the corner. It was exciting to see how it grew overnight. He watched the drama of a bird's nest in a conifer near the church. He made friends with a black and white spotted dog—probably the priest's. And he began to wonder about the cop. Why was he so tender to those little brats, so careful about them, so stern to drivers who endangered them in any way?

The girl in the wheel chair obsessed him. Why was that idiotic female so dog-gone happy all the time, even in that blasted wheel chair? She was at Mass every morning. She wasn't always in the sunshine, yet she was always radiant. Why?

One morning he got up earlier than usual. He saw the sun lifted on invisible hands into the red-gold sky. And that morning, in the church, he saw the priest lift the Host on high. It was the first time he had paid any attention to it.

Without quite knowing what had happened he found himself on his knees, trying not to weep. Emotions surged through him. Strong emotions that he did not recognize for a time, so suddenly they had come.

### Source Of Love

"That is God", he heard himself saying. "God is the sun, the source of power, lifted up for us by the priest. God brings the morning glory up the vine. He feeds the sparrow. He dresses up the trees. He gives us life. He gives us Himself!"

He remained a long time on his knees, thinking about the Mass. Then he went down town and bought a Missal. Not only that. He didn't even ask the price! Later, but with some diffidence, he sought out the priest and asked about Confession.

The day he went to Communion he happened to meet the doctor. "Thanks, Doc", he said. And from his soul he meant it. "Your prescription worked a miracle." "Nonsense", the doctor said. "Only God works miracles. You will soon be able to go back to work, but it is thanks to the daily Mass. Keep it up—And, even if you were as crippled as Mary Beth, you would be well and happy. A happy man is a well man, even if he is sick. And who can be really happy who doesn't go to Mass every morning God lets him live?"

Sam Rock was still Sam Rock. He wanted to argue that point. "No", the doctor said. "Don't argue. God is Love. Perfect Love. God, Perfect Love, is offered in the Mass each morning, for all the people in the world. Only in Perfect Love is there perfect happiness. The answer is so simple anybody can understand it."

### Perfect Love

"To be happy, even in affliction, you must attend Mass daily when you can. In the Mass you participate in the offering of this Perfect Love. You have a special slice of God's perfect happiness. If you are too sick to go to Mass, the Offering in the Mass will come to you—even as the sunshine steals into the sick room and warms the patient who is too ill to go outside."

Sam Rock had the grace to shake the doctor's hand, vigorously and sincerely. "Well, all right", he said. "You didn't pull a miracle on me, Doc. But you doggone well tried. And you didn't send me a bill. How much you going to soak me?" Even a man with Sam Rock's luck doesn't change all over.

"You keep going to daily Mass", the doc said, "and say an Ave for me whenever you think of it. That's a pretty stiff fee to charge, I know. Think you can pay it?" For the first time in many years Sam Rock laughed a genuine laugh. "If I can't," he said, "I'll certainly die trying—if a man can say dying to a doctor."

The Daily Mass League of Rochester, N.Y., has received a "passport to heaven", in the extensive indulgences granted by Pope Pius XII, it has been announced. Members of the League are given a plenary indulgence on the day of their reception. They may gain another, once each month, by attending daily Mass for nine consecutive days, and also in the hour of their death. There are many other indulgences to be gained. There are about 2,500 members at present in the League. Mr. Harold Coleman, one of the founders of the organization, says. Catholics of the Rochester diocese may join by writing or coming to the League, at 10 Pleasant Street, Rochester, 4.

### ST. JOSEPH and EDMONTON

(Continued from Page One)

for His new home. How gently and lovingly must Our Lady be smiling down on all her willing helpers. If you should ever come to Marian Centre, don't be surprised if you find peace and joy in this room which was prepared for Him by such a devoted Mother.

In a beautiful and amazing fashion, which leaves nothing to be desired, Our Lady and St. Joseph took over the jobs we prayed them to do. But then Christ, the Son of Mary and the Foster Son of Joseph . . . has anyone ever heard of Him being outdone in generosity? . . . Even by such holy people as the greatest human that ever lived, Mary, Queen of the Universe, or, St. Joseph, the universal patron of the Church? We prayed to the Infant Christ for the necessary money to pay for this building that His Mother and Foster Father seem so interested in. To date He has been testing our faith in Him. You all know from past articles that the cash has been very slow in coming.

Dearest Infant, there is no fear in our hearts. We do not know how you will do it, and we admit that we have exhausted all means known to us on how to go ahead on acquiring the needed funds, but when we run out of all our known and tried methods, we will simply start over and try them all again. We know so well that we must continue to work as though all depends on us and pray as though all depends on You. We know so well also, that you will not fail to provide for Your tired and weary poor. But, Your methods are not ours. We are aware in advance since our ways have proven to be so totally inadequate in the matter of raising funds, that somewhere You have astonished us so often that we find ourselves waiting excitedly to discover the joyous plot You have arranged to fill us with the peaceful awe of Your glory.

And to our readers I promise to let you know how God will provide what is now so urgently and badly needed. He might even have planned on using you.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

## Lay Apostle's Creed

Lord Jesus, I believe That every path I've ever trod or any way I've ever gone Has been trod and passed upon with your most tender love And guiding care.

I believe my lack of trust has balked you most from Keeping me firm in the peace of Your Love.

Lord Jesus, I know Nothing can come my way but You know and let it be For my greatest good.

I believe that in Your grace is all sufficiency and every healing For soul or mind or body. I believe that wholeness lies in keeping close to the food of your Eucharistic body And to the power of sacramental grace.

I believe my destiny is in both our hands, Yours and Mine, That I am utterly incapable of any good save with and through you And your dearest Mother, Mary; And that You cannot and will not ever act without my full co-operation; Nor is Your way to urge but to suggest, Not to influence but to be, Not to act but to leave me act in Your power.

Lord of my life, I believe Your love for me and for every soul wants only to be united with every soul, And with me, And that you intend this union in every and any walk of life.

I believe that the closest union is not reserved for any specific class But that on the cross You loved and thirsted and died for All humanity, In Your precious blood's outpouring.

I believe that holiness is happiness, That grace is life, That suffering for love is joy, That peace within is plenty, And that wisdom is simplicity.

I believe that every soul must follow its own lights and be true to itself in You In order to become itself in You And return you love for love.

I believe that all things speak of You And that You are, in all Your creation, Most especially in the souls of men, And that we, loving them, intimately through the sacrament of marriage or the bonds of friendship, Are in fact, loving You and growing in union with You. For all love is a spark of Divine Love And all unions symbolic of the perfect union between You and the Father and the Spirit of Love.

Lord Jesus, Beloved, I believe, through all my days and years, in peace or war, calm or storm, That all are hallowed by Your love, and gathered, by Your care, for me. And I love You.

—Peggy Clarke

### APOSTOLIC PATTERN IN

(Continued from Page One)

cleaning . . . cooking . . . doing dishes . . . repairing this and that . . . sewing and mending. We also are working on the library, getting it all set up and functioning. The office and the files also get their share of attention. Diane and Mary Kay are visiting the various agencies and institutions of the city to find out the function of each. Then we too have various meetings to attend for furthering the cause of Interracial Justice . . . for housing . . . for industrial relations . . . for the lay apostolate here in the city . . . for our future work with youth.

A busy life . . . a happy life . . . and we hope, a holy life. Filled day and night with Christ in our brethren, the needy, the lonely, the hungry, the homeless, the inquiring, the jobless, those seeking the peace and quiet of the Chapel. We're sure that Our Lady, whose picture as Queen of the Universe, hangs in the front hall, smiles down and loves all those who pass through the blue door on Weidler Street and will bring them in time to Her Son and His love.

## What A Staff Worker Thinks of Poverty

By Joseph K. Hogan

Poverty is a virtue which consists in knowing how to make use of the things which are necessary or useful without being shackled by them. Charles de Foucauld, the modern apostle of the Sahara, explains this idea and the attitude of mind which should accompany the virtue of poverty.

This poverty can be practiced in the midst of worldly goods when the spirit is not attached to them, or in destitution when one bears it generously for the love of God.

Poverty is one of the counsels of perfection. The Dominican spiritual writer, Garagou LaGrange says, "to attain perfection we must practice the three counsels effectively—it is a road leading more easily to perfection."

### To Combat Desire

Poverty is concerned with detachment. As St. Paul says, "The time is short. It remains that they who have wives be as if they had none, they that buy as though they possessed not, and they that use the world, as if they used it not." Father LaGrange says that one of the reasons for the practice of poverty is to combat cupidity, concupiscence of the eyes, desire for riches, and forgetfulness of the poor.

If a man is detached he desires heaven!

Poverty teaches confidence in God, and we better understand the words; "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body. Is not the life more than the meat? Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap, and your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not more valuable than they? . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice and all these things shall be added to you, be not therefore solicitous for tomorrow, for the tomorrow will be solicitous for itself."

Father Foucauld says the gladness of poverty is the fact of giving oneself to God and His Providence.

### To Express Love

Poverty is simplicity. Jesus at Nazareth chose a life half way between misery and ease. In our poverty we are able to set an example of simplicity of living. But the real basis of true poverty can be seen only in relationship to Christ, for poverty must be an expression of love.

Father Voillaume of the Little Brothers says that, "if we wish to be poor in the manner in which Jesus wished to be poor, we must have in our hearts His very own attitude. . . We must learn how to be poor from the Gospel. There is a necessity for Christian poverty."

Father de Foucauld's ideal of poverty was to consecrate by the religious profession, out of love for Jesus, and in imitation of His life at Nazareth, the poverty, the daily toil, and the social status of the poor among men. This ideal is similar to the Ignatian idea of humility in that one chooses poverty simply because Christ was poor.

Father de Foucauld goes on, . . . "this is a positive vocation, a true apostolic mission. . . a mission to be called to live in poverty amid the miseries of the world. . . to belong to the class of the poor, to be considered as such."

Poverty must be taken as a liberating virtue and also as a witness of love. . . poverty is an expression of love.

## SEA OF DIVINE GRACE

God made her of the human race, And filled her pure soul full of grace. He looked and smiled complacently. Then called her "Mary", meaning sea.

By Mary Jane Halak

## The Voice In Silence

A strange love affair this . . . In love with Unknown and Unknowable. Who are You, Grey Mist? Nothing . . . yet All? And what do you use to hold my heart?

Not only invisible, but silent You have gone and left me no one — And yet I am surrounded, borne up on all sides, Never alone.

All the words they write about You Burn holes in my heart; And I have to close the books And be silent. And I forget what I have read

And it makes no sense. I say "I love you" — And my words echo on empty air. No answer . . . silence . . . So I go away and say no more.

What is the voice within? How often I have tried to guess. A Woman? A spirit? You? An angel? . . .

No matter — It speaks quietly — nothing heard at all: Until it is all over and I know These thoughts are not mine, but Yours.

Behold the faces that stand around you. Behold the eyes. . . the posture . . . the hands.

No use. . . they are not familiar. really nothing. Look again. Still nothing. . .

"Since I am not And these are (And I make myself not to be to turn you to these) Be to these as you would to Me And then You will say I love you And you will know I hear.

"Then my love will surround you And fill you and rejoice your empty heart. And you will know that I am And no other way . . ."

—Sally Murphy

## Ear To The Ground

By Dorothy Hoogterp

I heard the wind in the weeping willow,

I heard the shouts of my boys at play,

I laid my ear on a grassy pillow To hear what the dark earth had to say.

I heard the roar of the great trucks rolling Rumbling deep like a mighty train,

The birds' soft call, a far dog's howling—

But harked to the sound of the earth in vain.

The sound of horns, of brakes' wild squealing,

The tuneless hum of a baby's song,

The clear sweet sound of a churchbell pealing,

I heard my heart beat slow and strong.

But never a sound from the ground-mole's burrow. The grass crept upward silently, And the ant-hill and the earth-worm's furrow Concealed their working sounds from me.

The wind has a thousand words to seek me, The air brings secret sounds to keep; But the silent earth will not bespeak me: Only to close my ears and sleep.

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